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POETRY.

ORIGINAL POEM.

The following witty poem, by Mr. F. B. SANBORN, of Concord, was read at the recent picnic held by Rev. T. B. PARKER'S congregation:

In ancient days, before the date
Of Everett's earliest speeches,
To hackmatacks and beeches;
The same strong soil that bore the oak,
Shot up a crop of giants,
And turpentine and blood of man
Confessed a close alliance.

'Twixt birchen twig and growing boy
Prevailed the best of feeling,
Ere cruel science taught them both
The bitter use of feeling;
Our uncles in the green outdoors
Spread out their arms to cover
Their kindred, and throw apples down
As girls throw at a lover.

Then fir and bramble, elm and vine,
Discouraged in human voices,
Not inarticulate as now

Each sorrow and rejoices;
But those fair days so long are past,
We count the truths as fables,
And from our family tree cut
Our servile chairs and tables.

Was it for sin their mouths were shut,
And we esteemed their betters,
As for Ham's fault—so persons teach—
We keep our slaves in fetters?
The tree of knowledge, held to bail
For Adam's peccadilloes,
Perhaps entailed this speechless curse
On all its leafy fellows.

O green-haired cousins in disgrace!
Ye are the real gentry,
And we but lackeys, fit to stand
At your broad castle's entry;
And though with silent courtesy
You pardon our ill manners,
We mostly cling to chattering towns,
Forsaking your proud banners.

But as the long-descended churl
Sometimes his birth remembers,
When joy's light breath or sorrow's blast
Reveals his soul's gray elements;
So we in joy or sorrow seek
Your fellowship so stately,
And utter in the friendly words
Whatever stirs us greatly.

And so to-day we've met to keep,
With our great-hearted brothers,
Our yearly friendly festival,
Shared by so many others;
For though we lack not in our band
The best of human preachers,
We cannot spare the solemn word
That these green scriptures teach us.

LOST TREASURES.

Let us be patient! God has taken from us
The earthly treasures upon which we leaned;
That from the fleeting things which lie about us,
Our clinging hearts should be forever weaned.

They have passed from us, all our broad possessions,
Ships, whose white sails flung wide past distant
shores,
Lands, whose rich harvest smiled in the glad sun-
shine,

Silver and gold, and all our hoarded stores.

And, dearer far, the pleasant home where gathered
Our loved and loving round the blazing hearth,
Where honored age on the soft cushion seated,
And childhood played about in frolic mirth;

Where, underneath the softened light, bent kindly,
The mother's tender glance on daughters fair;
And he, on whom all lent with fond confiding,
Rested contented from his daily care.

All shipwrecked in one common desolation!
The garden walks by other feet are trod,
The clinging vines by other fingers tutored
To fling their shadows o'er the grassy sod.

While darkling care and deep humiliation,
In tears are mingled with our daily bread,
And the rude blasts we never thought could reach us,
Have spent their wrath on each defenceless head.

Let us be cheerful! the same sky o'erarches,
Soft rains fall on the evil and the good;
On narrow walls and through our humble dwelling
God's glorious sunshine pours its rich flood.

Faith, hope and love still in our hearts abiding,
May bear their precious fruits in us the same;
And to the couch of suffering we may carry
If but the cup of water in His name.

Let us be thankful if, in this affliction,
No grave is opened for our daily bread;
And while we bend beneath our Father's chiding,
We yet can mourn 'each family apart.'

Shoulder to shoulder let us breast the torrent,
With not one cold reproach or angry look;
There are such seasons when the light is smitten,
It can no whisper of unkindness brook.

Our life is not in all these bright possessions,
Our home is not in any pleasant spot;
Pilgrims and strangers we must journey onward,
Contented with the portion of our lot.

These earthly walls must shortly be dismantled,
These earthly tents be struck by angel hands;
But to be built up, on a sure foundation,
There! where our Father's mansion ever stands.

There shall we meet! father and child, and dearer,
That earthly love which made half heaven of home;
There shall we find our treasures all awaiting
Where change and death and parting never come.

LIVE IN LOVE.

Be not harsh and unloving,
Live in love, 'tis pleasant living.
If an angry man should meet thee,
And assail thee indelicately,
Turn not thou again and rend him,
Show him love hath been thy teacher—
Kindness is a potent preacher;
Gentleness is o'er forgiving—
Live in love, 'tis pleasant living.
Why be angry with each other?
Man is made to love his brother;
Kindness is a human duty,
Meekness a celestial beauty.
Words of kindness, spoke in season,
Have a weight with men of reason;
Don't be others' follies blaming,
And their little vices naming,
Charity is a cure for railing,
Suffers much in all-prevailing,
Courage, then, and be forgiving:
Live in love, 'tis pleasant living.

THE TRUE RICHES.

Health and the simplest fare. If thou hast these,
Accompanied with one single steadfast friend—
A conscience which thou dost not fear to bare
To the great Searcher's eye—and that strong hope
Whose wing ne'er tires, e'en o'er the yawning grave—
Go thou thy way; thou art an emperor
Bearing thy crown e'er with thee; go thy way,
And thank thy God, who has bestowed on thee
The gold which monarchs covet, but in vain.

The Liberator.

The following review was written immediately after the publication of Dr. Huntington's Sermon, but owing to the continually crowded state of our columns, we have not been able to find room for it till now. None of its points, however, have lost any thing by the delay.

AN HOUR WITH DR. HUNTINGTON;
Being a Review of his Sermon, entitled 'Permanent Realities of Religion, and the Present Religious Interest. A Sermon by F. D. Huntington, D.D., Preacher to the University at Cambridge.' Including a glance at the Author and the Revival.

BY J. B. OF WOLFENBUTEL.

This sermon is remarkable. It is not a remarkable sermon, but, in view of its source and history, it is a remarkable fact. As tracks in the old red sandstone may be very common-place tracks, and yet be very significant of some era in geological transition, so a sermon not otherwise uncommon may merit consideration as a way-mark of theological transition.

When Caleb Cushing was a zealous anti-slavery Whig, and B. F. Hallett an earnest anti-slavery Mason, and Orestes Brownson was a transcendental and somewhat reformatory philosopher, the Rev. F. D. Huntington was a progressive Unitarian, and accounted as one of the liberal and reformatory wing of his sect. The history of Cushing, Hallett and Brownson, thus far, is well known. The first two belong to the past, and the last to the present of our day.

His sermon is remarkable. It is not a remarkable sermon, but, in view of its source and history, it is a remarkable fact. As tracks in the old red sandstone may be very common-place tracks, and yet be very significant of some era in geological transition, so a sermon not otherwise uncommon may merit consideration as a way-mark of theological transition.

For a long time past, the unprogressive and passive position of the man from whom the cause of humanity hoped so much has been matter of regret, and it has long been feared that the sanctions of ease and luxury, or the pride of position, or the hard conservatism of social surroundings had enervated, repressed and chilled the fire of a noble heart, kindled at the altar of truth. Worse fears would not have been out of place. The champion's silence was not slumber, but an embryo—a chrysalis period of self-incubation and mutation, till at length the miracle of a magical theological transformation is made patent. Truth has lost a champion, and priestly imposture has gained an advocate. The transformation is not yet quite perfect. The neophyte hesitates and blunders in his lesson. There is a considerable sibilant in the sounding of the new shibboleth. But the present sermon gives promise of effort which shall yet be worthy of the Old South, or Park street, or Essex street, or any other 'South-side' sanctuary.

The first thing noticeable in the sermon is its elegant appearance, for which the University press at Cambridge doubtless deserves the praise. It is a luxury to read a pamphlet so well printed, however mediocre the matter thereof, and therefore the first three or four pages, which have but a remote connection with the subject, and which embody only the commonest thoughts, often expressed with an affected obscurity and inversion of style, are still readable.

On the 9th page, the preacher commences a religious-philosophical analysis of the 'facts' which he took to make up the present revival, the first of which is the 'feeling of God, and of being his affectionate, obedient child.' This is claimed as a substantial fact, and one of the greatest importance—so vast and deep and wide, and beautiful and satisfying a good, that no other good deserves to be mentioned in comparison. Now, this is worse than tautology—it is also extravagant and absurd. No mere 'feeling' is so transcendently superior to all other good. Christ urged truth and duty upon his hearers as the chief good, and said little or nothing in favor of the 'feelings' and sentimentalities which make so much of the burden of the present revival.

The second fact enumerated is, 'This feeling is to be had, because God is with us.' This second fact looks much like a repetition of the first, and reminds the reader of the bootmaker's three reasons why ladies should purchase boots rather than shoes, viz: first, their superiority in wet weather; second, their advantage in a rain storm; and third, their convenience in a shower. This division, however, affords opportunity for some fair rhetoric about the omnipresence of God. As the sermon was preached in the chapel of Harvard University, where the sophomores form a part of the audience, it was proper enough that a page or two should be spent in the style proverbially appropriate to that appreciative class.

The third fact enumerated is, that 'in many of us, the feeling has not been so, but fearfully otherwise.' This is one of the four or five facts which the able D.D. on the sixteenth page pronounces a 'solid, unquestionable good.' Now, for the life of us, we can see no good at all in this fact. It looks like a very bad fact. The preacher, on another page, seems to think so too, for he favors the idea of 'an escape out of it, and the burdened feeling of it.' This part of the sermon is rather abstruse. We wish to show a proper respect to dignities, and therefore will not say 'confused and obscure,' but abstruse and incomprehensible. Dr. H. is not demoted. It cannot be that the 'confusion,' &c., invoked for his brother in Boston fell by mistake upon the 'preacher to the University at Cambridge.' There is no 'hook in his jaws.' It is only that he has not yet got the hang of his revival harness. The shibboleth sibilant, but all will come natural by and by.

The fourth great 'solid, unquestionable good is repentance.' We do not wish to cavil, and therefore with the preacher had joined 'repentance' with 'repentance'; for without this complement and key-stone, the arch tumbles. In looking over all that is said under this head, we do not find repentance recognized as a part of repentance, and therefore we object. We object the more decidedly, because the omission is evidently not accidental, but in accordance with the current of the present revival. The cry is not, 'Bring forth fruits meet for repentance!' nor like His who said, 'Go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and then come and follow me.'—but it is, 'Repent, and be forgiven.'—Come to Christ, and have your sins washed out.—Look, and be healed.—&c. It is not denied that a cessation from sin, at least, from unpardonable and unchristlike sin, is implied in the exhortation to repentance; but it may reasonably be argued that a true revival would not leave so essential a condition to salvation to mere implication, but would urge it earnestly, constantly, and without qualification.

The next good in this inventory of revival is 'the sympathetic nature of man.' What peculiar claim the revival has to this article of 'goods' is not shown. The sympathetic nature of man is as manifest in a military muster, or a cattle show, as in any other occasion where people flock together, as in the revival. It belongs to the unregenerate, the heathen and barbarian, as much as to the 'anxious' and 'converted.'

The next good is 'the power of social prayer.' In looking over these divisions, we are convinced of one disputed fact in philosophy, viz., the infinite divisibility of matter—at least, the matter of a sermon. The preacher divides his subject as a grocer does a cheese, into as many parts as he wants. He makes but five, but might, by the same process, have made five thousand.

Under this fifth division, the preacher advocates public devotion. He says, 'Christ made his religion public, and instituted and practised social prayer.' This statement can be true only in a very limited and qualified sense. Essentially, and in its application, it is untrue. Its purpose is to give the sanction of Christ to the machinery of the revival—especially the public prayer-meetings. It requires some ingenuity and much sophistry to explain away Christ's condemnation of public prayer, and his injunction that prayer should be secret. 'When thou prayest, enter thy closet, and shut thy door, seems very plain. No exception or limitation is stated. His general example confirms his precept. He went apart to pray, even away from his disciples. As far as we can gather from the Evangelists, that was his custom. Even in the sorrowful hour of his approaching crucifixion, when he might be supposed most to need human sympathy,—and he prayed three times in one night,—at each time he went apart, 'a stone's throw' from his disciples, and prayed alone. There may, perhaps, be found in the gospels one or two passages which, if it were not for these plain precepts and examples, might plausibly be construed as favoring public prayer, but under the circumstances, they might fairly be construed the other way.

Neither did Christ establish a 'public religion.' He indeed taught publicly, but he taught essentially a private religion, designed to regulate individual conscience and conduct. The religion of Moses and the Pharisees was a public religion, and the opposite of Christ's in that and almost every other respect.

The preacher intimates that, in answer to the public call, that 'Religion should leave the sanctuaries and the Sabbath, and go out into the highways and markets,' 'she has at length done so,' and now the public are not pleased with her presence. This is true; but it is not owing to the caprice of the public, but to a misunderstanding between the parties. The public demand was for a different article from what the church furnishes. There was a misapprehension in the matter. The market demand was for the fruits of religion,—truth, justice, humanity, political and mercantile integrity, public honor and private honesty,—less of pride and greed in the church, and of time-serving and truth-betraying in the priesthood, and more of fidelity in both to the plainest maxims of morality. This was what the 'highways and the market' demanded. The church misunderstood the order, and sent out a cargo of long-faced priests and long-winded prayers, tracts, placards, conventicles, clamor, cant, and other clerical contrivances. As well might a demand for bread be supplied by hucks, or a demand for spice be supplied by a cargo of wooden nutmegs. If the public do not like the sham article, and insist upon its going back to the sanctuaries and Sabbath, the shippers have no right to grumble, nor to complain that their wares are 'not cordially wanted anywhere.'

Having enumerated and vindicated these four or five unquestionable 'goods' of the revival, the preacher proceeds to notice and answer the objections brought against it. In this part of his sermon, the preacher manifests a distrust of his own powers quite inconsistent with his reputation and his position as 'preacher to the University at Cambridge.' Instead of touching the really strong objections which have been thundered forth wherever indignant truth and disappointed humanity could find a mouth-piece, he turns aside to give sounding answers to frivolous and imaginary objections, viz: that 'the revival is a religious excitement,'—it is attended with indiscretions,—it 'disgusts the cultivated and refined,'—it is made to depend on machinery, &c. These straw-bill giants he demolishes with such vigor and triumphant effect as should have encouraged him to try his powers against the real array of facts and arguments which are stumbling-blocks to so many souls.

The real objection to the revival is, that it is not a revival of true religion, but of imposture. Its purpose is to promote, not the interests of truth and humanity, but the interests of selfish priests and corrupt churches. To proselyte the people into a church, which is the 'bulwark of slavery,' the sanctuary, supporter and sharer of all its wickedness, and the partaker of every profitable or popular wrong; a church whose members hang out placards inviting passengers to come in and pray, but turn away scowling and point to an obscure corner or gallery if a poor colored man or woman takes them at their word, and comes in to claim a part in the promised blessing; a church which, as that of Park street (Congregationalist) excluded a colored man of most reputable and Christian character from his own pew, bought and paid for, for no other reason than his color, and passed a vote, still unrepented and unrepented, of shutting all colored people from the floor of the house for ever; a church which, like that of Dr. Sharp's (Baptist) virtually expelled its most irreproachable and exemplary deacon, because he permitted a colored Christian to enter his pew, and justly so; a church like that of the Grove street (Baptist), one of whose prominent lady members declared, in company, her wish that she could 'see every abolitionist strung up by the neck'; a church, from nearly all whose pulpits the petition of the poor fugitive Sims for prayer 'that God would support him, and deliver him out of the hands of the oppressor,' was thrust contemptuously away; a church whose priests, like Dr. Nehemiah Adams, teach that 'while the Constitution remains, all appeal to a higher law is fanaticism'; or, like Dr. Lord, of Dartmouth College, that 'slavery is perfectly consistent with the will of God and the law of love'; or, like Bishop Meade, that 'this is the portion of spiritual food which God has designed for those in bondage'; 'Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward, &c.'—thus perverting the Scripture to aid those atrocious laws which compel the slave, man or woman, wife or virgin, to obey any command, however wicked or obscene, that his or her brutal, lustful and cruel master may impose;—a church, in short, which in every form of speech and action, constantly and invariably, by its priests and members, sides with the rich and powerful, against the poor and oppressed, and rejects all appeal to the fundamental principles of religion or humanity. A church like that is not a church of Christ, but of anti-Christ. A revival which fills it up and perpetuates it is a revival of imposture and wickedness. This is the main objection to the revival, and until it is obviated, we may as well dismiss the trifling evils so elaborately treated of by the University preacher.

It may be admitted that much good is transiently developed by the revival. Sinners become alarmed and repent, and inquire what they shall do to be saved. This beginning is good; but, alas! its end is evil. These honest inquirers are taken in hand by false guides, who point to the church of anti-Christ as the ark of salvation. They are caught in the specious snare. It is the old story of priestly imposture constantly realized. The 'Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites' of our day, also having compassed sea and land to make proselytes, proceed to 'make them children of hell like themselves.' Sincere converts are led astray, deluded and corrupted, and their last state is worse than the first. For a while, their consciences remain tender; but when they enter the church, the soul-hardening process begins, and they soon become fitted for deacons, slave-commissioners, priests or kidnappers. From the crowds of converts made by this revival, perhaps not one could now be found who would not shudder at the crime of sending a man into slavery; but after they have joined the Old South, or the other fashionable churches destined to swallow them up, they will soon be ready to spring to the bloodhounds which will all the slavery of 'Boston Tigers.' Thus is the good of the revival turned to evil, and Christ is made the minister of sin.

(To be continued.)

Catskill Mountain House.—Quoting the Bible to sustain Slavery.—Pious—The Shakers.

MOUNTAIN HOUSE, AUGUST 13, 1858.

DEAR GARRISON:

I sit on the brow of the precipice in front of the Mountain House, on the Catskill mountain, nearly three thousand feet above the level of the Hudson river. The precipice below me is some three hundred feet sheer down, and then a long, steep descent for more than a mile down into the vale of the Hudson. The view from this place is to the east. The whole valley of the Hudson lies spread out before me—fifty miles in breadth, east and west, and one hundred in length, north and south—extending to West Point on our right, and the Green Mountains to the north above Bennington in Vermont. There can be no doubt that this broad, rich, and beautiful and noble of all valleys that can be taken in at a view, was once the bed of a lake, and what is now the Hudson river was the lowest part of it. The lake broke through the mountain at West Point, and crossed into the ocean at what is now the Narrows at New York. Looking down from this height on the broad expanse,—the sun setting, and the shadows gradually extending far away to the east,—it fills the soul with emotions of the sublime as well as of the beautiful. Those, whose families are confined to the dirt, stench, suffocation, noise, passion, and tumultuous excitement of New York and Boston, would do well to spend a portion of each summer at this Mountain House, and amid this wild and beautiful scenery.

Two hundred and fifty guests can be lodged and boarded at this house. Food and all conveniences have to be brought up from Catskill and the valley below. We came from New York to Catskill, 120 miles, this morning, by rail. From Catskill we came up here by stage, over a good smooth road all the way. Our friend, William Robson, who now sits in a stage, one of them had evidently been a governor in the family of some Southern kidnapper, and a teacher and trainer of slave-breeds—and in that capacity had travelled in Europe. As his custom, Mr. Robson alluded to the slaveholding of the priests and 'Christians.' Instantly the two ladies took up the cause of the slave-hunters and slave-breeds, and their whole aim was to prove that kidnapping, slave-breeding and slave-trading were sustained by the Bible. So, they tried to make it out that the holding and using of men and women as beasts, the abolition of marriage, the selling of women to prostitution, the surrender of husbands and wives, parents and children, to gratify the cupidity and brutal lusts of slaveholders, were all of God, and sanctioned by Moses, Jesus and Paul. W. R. asked them, if some of their kidnapping friends should come to them, and justify it by the Bible, and by the authority of their God—would they consider such a Bible and such a God worthy of their respect? No answer. So we had a discussion, as we climbed the mountain. Those who call themselves women justifying the buying and selling of women for purposes of prostitution and adultery, that their Bible and their God authorize men to do so! Such women should be the first victims. They deserve that doom—if any do. But it is sad to meet, amid these free, bold mountains, Northern women, who advocate from their Bible and their God the unutterable pollutions and crimes of slavery. It is good to meet here an Englishman who has principle and courage enough to rebuke them. There are many slave-breeds and slave-hunters in this Mountain House. I judge from their residences. Their presence is loathsome. They carry pollution and moral death wherever they go. They have a fair exterior, but within are full of whips, chains, fetters, and bloodhounds.

At dinner table to-day, we were waited on by a fine-looking black man. 'Were you ever a slave?' asked our English friend. 'No—born free,' was the reply. 'Did you ever hear of Garrison?' asked our friend. 'No—never heard of him,' was the answer. 'What! never heard of Wm. Lloyd Garrison?' asked the Englishman: 'I thought all colored people knew him.' 'Oh yes,' said he, 'I have heard of William Lloyd Garrison, the abolitionist.' 'That is the man,' said the Englishman, 'I expected to meet him here.' 'I have not seen him,' said he. So neither have we seen you. We came here expecting surely that you would be here, and our English friend was very desirous to see you. He wished to meet you amid this most beautiful of American landscapes; for America can boast no landscape that compares with this vastness, richness and beauty as that which lies before me—as viewed from this mountain. It is much more familiar to me. I never look upon it but with feelings of deepest interest. It is not sublime, grand, overwhelming; but it is vast, beautiful, rich, and fills the soul with a sense of sweet rest and peace. It is too pure, peaceful, and beautiful to be disturbed by the footsteps of slave-breeds, slave-hunters, and their Christian and republican apologists and abettors. Yet there is not a cavern nor a glen in these glorious free mountains where a fugitive slave can hide himself and say—I am free from the slave-hunter's fangs. And I am travelling with an Englishman, who is keenly alive to the slaveholding character of American Christianity and Government. He came here to find Christianity as taught by Jesus; he sees little else than a slave-breeding, slave-hunting religion. He came here to find the spirit of God; we show him a foul and deadly serpent. He calls for the Christ of Calvary; we give him the Christ of Slavery! I am glad he is able to look through the outside into the inner life of the religion and government of this nation, and that he is not blinded and beguiled by the cry of 'Democracy,' and 'Asylum of the Oppressed,' that is forever on the lips of American Democrats and religionists.

Last Wednesday, August 11, I attended a picnic of the New York Spiritualists, in Pleasant Valley, near Fort Lee, ten miles above New York. Our English friend was with me. We took a steamer at New York, came up the Hudson ten miles, and landed at Pleasant Valley, where all the people of Gotham go to find holiness. A party of several hundred were with us. We sauntered about the grounds and among the rocks, the palisades looking lovingly and protectingly over us. After a time, the people gathered together, sitting on the grass and on the rocks, and were addressed by our English friend, and several others. Our English friend, while disclaiming any identity with Spiritualism, as understood in this country, gave his views of the spirit and teachings of Jesus, especially as bearing on war and slavery. He embraces all opportunities to show his abhorrence of all religions that sanction slavery, by whatever names called, or however loud and long their professions and their prayers. Others showed the absurdity and injustice of those who profess to hold communion with bright and pure spirits, while they defile themselves with tobacco, alcohol, slavery, war and licentiousness, whether in or out of legal marriage. The remark was made, that the use of tobacco, smoking or chewing, tended to destroy all sense of decency and justice. Two men sat near the speaker, puffing their foul tobacco smoke into our faces, and poisoning the air we all had to breathe. They threw away their cigars, and thus far respected decency and justice. Talk of pure spirits coming near one, and puffing tobacco smoke or throwing tobacco juice into their faces! 'No pure spirit can come near a smoker or chewer of tobacco. One man confessed that he was ashamed of himself for chewing tobacco, and said that if he did not get rid of it, his foul and shameful appetite before he went into the spirit land, he should be found lingering around tobacco shops, where people chew and smoke, picking up old tobacco cuds and cast away cigar ends. A fit place and a fit employment for souls made up of the juice and smoke of tobacco!

We had a pleasant party and a profitable. It was good to be there. There was freedom there in that pleasant valley, and among those rocks, and under the blue sky and those green trees. That was the house of God. What is this mountain on which I now sit and write? This is indeed the house of God and the gate of heaven. The soul bows in holy reverence before that God in whose presence these mountains and everlasting hills do bow, and all these trees, rocks, ravines, and this broad landscape, do clap their hands and lift up their voices in triumph.

The sun is setting; darkness is settling on the scene; the air is damp and chill, and I will retire.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Saturday, Aug. 14.

Up this morning (having spent the night at the Mountain House) by four o'clock, and away with my English friend to see the Catskill Falls, two and a half miles off, in a deep ravine. We walked. There, by the frowning rocks, over which small stream falls 260 feet, in one of the finest cascades on the continent, I found what my friend wished, viz., yourself, your son Willie, and your party. It was pleasant to meet you. You were at the Mountain House when we arrived, but you soon left to spend the night at the Falls, so we missed you. What a scene around these Falls and under them! I have seen many cascades in the Tyrol, and amid the mountains of Switzerland, the Highlands of Scotland, and in Wales; but I never saw any thing so fine as this. It is not Niagara, nor the Falls of the Rhine. Niagara overwhelms with power and oppresses with grandeur; but the Catskill Falls are beautiful, wild, and very striking. But to be felt, it must be seen. All lovers of nature who can should see it. None will ever regret the expense of money or time who do. I returned to the Mountain House, took breakfast, and here I wait to go down the mountain. I have seen the sun rise and set in unclouded splendor from this Mountain House, on the brink of this precipice. It is grand and beautiful. I could well spend a week here, but must go down, and on my way to Lake George, Quebec and the White Mountains, with our friend from England, who comes to see the men and women and institutions and customs of the country, as well as the scenery. We have travelled together about three thousand miles, and have about one thousand more to travel before we reach Boston.

P. S. SHAKER VILLAGE, New Lebanon, Sunday night. Yesterday, we came from the Mountain House, via Catskill and Hudson, to this place, to spend Sunday with the Shakers, or 'Believers,' as they term themselves. We were most kindly and hospitably welcomed and entertained. To-day, we have attended their public worship. Some two hundred strangers from all parts of this country and from Europe were there. Worship was performed in singing, speaking, marching and dancing. Perfect order and decorum reigned throughout. These forms seemed strange to others, but there is as much reason and instruction in them as in the common forms of Methodists, Baptists, and other sects, and they are acceptable to a pure and just God, I have no doubt. But Shakers attach no special importance to any particular forms. They hold to changing their forms as they shall deem best. There are three points that are cardinal with them, namely:—

(1) Celibacy—absolute continence, or abstinence from marriage and from the relation that leads to procreation. This they think is essential to Christianity and to a true belief.

(2) Judgment—a free and full confession and forsaking of all sins. No man can be a Shaker and a slaveholder, a warrior, a partaker in governments of violence and blood, a drunkard, or stained with any known sin. All known sin must be confessed and forsaken.

(3) Community of property. This is essential. No private property; none having any thing they call their own.

Such are their fundamental principles and practices. I believe this people seek to live, and do live, generally, up to their principles. They have schools, in which reading, writing, arithmetic, geography and history are taught. We visit them to-morrow. They are very happy, so far as one can judge, and their very appearance gives the lie to the idea many try to entertain and inculcate, that Shakers make their professions a cloak to impurity. I wish other classes of those called Christians were as free from licentiousness, from drunkenness, from war, slavery, and impurity of heart and life, as are the Shakers.

H. C. W.

Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose having been charged by the New York Times with supporting the doctrine of 'Free Love' at the Rutland Convention, sent the following letter upon the subject to the Editor of that paper, which he had the courtesy to publish. And as the Editor (N. Y.) *Weekly Guardian* and some other journals have given currency to this accusation against her, we hope they will do a worthy lady the justice to present her letter to their readers:

THE FREE LOVE QUESTION.—Letter from Mrs. Rose.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TIMES:—

New York, Tuesday, June 29, 1858.

Dear Sir—I am perfectly willing, nay desirous, that the sentiments and principles I advocate should be known and criticised by the public; but I am not willing to have imputed to me sentiments which do not belong to me, and believing that you do not do so, I take the liberty to correct some errors in regard to myself, in the account of the Rutland Convention, in your paper of this morning.

The report says: 'Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose is active, so is Mrs. Julia Branch; both these ladies go for free love on principle.' This I most emphatically deny. I have never advocated these sentiments, from the simple reason that I do not believe in them. The facts are these: Mrs. Branch, in speaking to resolution No. 5, said: 'Mrs. Rose and I have gone down to the influence of the mothers. This is not enough. I go further.' I spoke in favor of the amendment moved by Mr. Foster to the resolution, namely, to insert after the words 'exclusive conjugal love,' the words 'perfect equality,' so as to read thus: 'Resolved, That the only true and natural basis of an exclusive conjugal love based on perfect equality between one man and one woman; the only true home is the isolated home based on this exclusive love.'

In referring to Mrs. Branch, I said:—'The lady is a stranger to me. I have never seen her. I do not know what she means on the subject of marriage. I did not understand her in the same way that Mr. Tiffany did, but if she meant what he made it out to be, then I most emphatically differ from her. In reference to her allusion to me, I said, 'I go before, beyond, and above the influence of mothers; and I have nothing to do with the marriage question, except as to have the laws so altered as to have them equal for husband and wife,' and in endeavoring to enforce the necessity of the equality of rights, I showed that the 'two halves of the pair of scissors,' which Mr. Tiffany represented as belonging to the husband and wife, are given to him alone, and even when the whole pair belongs to her, the law still gives it to him; that Blackstone said 'husband and wife are one,' and the laws declared that one to be the husband, by giving him all the rights that belong to both.

This is all I said on the subject connected with marriage, except that when the laws proclaim woman civilly and politically equal with man, and she is educated to enable her to promote her own independence, then she will not be obliged to marry for a home, and a protector; for she will know that she can never be protected unless she protects herself, and matrimony (not a matter of money) will take place from pure affection.

Hoping you will do me the justice to give this a place in your paper, I am, very respectfully,
ERNESTINE L. ROSE.

Ernestine says in her Koran, 'I never drink—I cannot do it on equal terms with others. It costs them only one day, but me three; the first in sinning, the second in suffering, and the third in repenting.'

JUDGE GALBRAITH ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

In writing for the address of Mrs. Jenkins, Mr. Galbraith of Erie, Pa., remarks as follows:

I am not what would be called at the present day, I suppose, a Woman's Rights man; but I am decidedly so in the sense that I think the true Christian cannot be a barbarian, as well in our laws and customs, as in our general view of man, woman, and the relation to the true position and mission of females, which it is time were corrected. I glory in the fact that we have women of sufficient courage and independence, as well as of sufficient courage to position, and maintain that the true mission of woman is to be a mother, and to be a teacher of the common school of little children was considered a ridiculous and foolish one. That idea has given way to a much more rational one, and now some of our schools taught all over the country, why man is higher order; by women, and with great success. If competent to teach in the school house, why not in the pulpit, which is, after all, but a more elevated christian school? I am glad that Mrs. Jenkins is in the field, and has given her an invitation to visit this part of the country.—*Amherst.*

The following remedies are offered to the public as the best, most perfect, which medicine can afford. AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS have been prepared in the utmost skill and care, and are a perfect remedy for all the diseases of the bowels, and for all the ailments of the stomach, and for all the ailments of the liver, and for all the ailments of the spleen, and for all the ailments of the pancreas, and for all the ailments of the gall bladder, and for all the ailments of the bladder, and for all the ailments of the uterus, and for all the ailments of the vagina, and for all the ailments of the cervix, and for all the ailments of the os, and for all the ailments of the vulva, and for all the ailments of the clitoris, and for all the ailments of the penis, and for all the ailments of the testis, and for all the ailments of the epididymis, and for all the ailments of the vas deferens, and for all the ailments of the urethra, and for all the ailments of the bladder, and for all the ailments of the rectum, and for all the ailments of the sigmoid, and for all the ailments of the colon, and for all the ailments of the cecum, and for all the ailments of the appendix, and for all the ailments of the stomach, and for all the ailments of the liver, and for all the ailments of the spleen, and for all the ailments of the pancreas, and for all the ailments of the gall bladder, and for all the ailments of the bladder, and for all the ailments of the uterus, and for all the ailments of the vagina, and for all the ailments of the cervix, and for all the ailments of the os, and for all the ailments of the vulva, and for all the ailments of the clitoris, and for all the ailments of the penis, and for all the ailments of the testis, and for all the ailments of the epididymis, and for all the ailments of the vas deferens, and for all the ailments of the urethra, and for all the ailments of the bladder, and for all the ailments of the rectum, and for all the ailments of the sigmoid, and for all the ailments of the colon, and for all the ailments of the cecum, and for all the ailments of the appendix, and for all the ailments of the stomach, and for all the ailments of the liver, and for all the ailments of the spleen, and for all the ailments of the pancreas, and for all the ailments of the gall bladder, and for all the ailments of the bladder, and for all the ailments of the uterus, and for all the ailments of the vagina, and for all the ailments of the